

"Hon. Levin Andrews and Hon. John J. As-socate Justice.
"Henry Rhodes, Clerk.
"Charles G. Hopkins, Esq., Police Justice, Ho-
nolulu.
"Alfred W. Parsons, Esq., Police Justice, La-
haina."
"I spared, I shall be likely to keep you apprised
of the state of things among us, from time to time.
I have something to say of some parts of Webster's
Narrative. All in good time. The Lord bless
you.
Your fellow-laborer in the cause of Christ and
suffering humanity,
J. S. GREEN.

THE NATIONAL ERA.
WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 9, 1848.

OUR LETTER.

As the next session of Congress is approaching, and the year is drawing towards its close, we send to each subscriber this week, enclosed in his copy of the paper, our annual message. We ask attention to it, and hope every friend will improve upon the hints therein contained. The prospectus for the third volume of the *Era* can be cut off and pasted on a sheet of foolscap, and subscribers' names endorsed on that. New subscribers who wish to begin with the session of Congress, should forward their names immediately. It is desirable that subscribers who term close with the year, renew their subscriptions promptly, so that their names may not be erased from our books, and that we may know how large an edition of our third volume to issue.

Let us not part company with our campaign subscribers. Will not our friends, who were active in obtaining them as temporary readers of the *Era*, use their influence to convert them into permanent ones? We trust, however, they will not wait to be asked.

"Copies of 'The Compiler,' containing Mr. Mann's speech 'On the Right of Congress to Legislate for the Territories, and its Duty to Exclude Slavery therefrom,' can be had by address-
ing (postage paid) Buell & Blanchard, Wash-
ington, D. C. Price, \$1 per hundred, or 12 cents per
dozen. They are subject to newspaper postage
only.

THE PREJUDICE OF CASTE—THE PROS-
PECTIVE RACES OF SPAIN AND FRANCE.

"Among all the injurious done, by man to man, none has been greater than that, by the man of color, to the man of white. The former, in his contempt of the latter, has been the author of the most execrable acts of fanaticism and superstition, or the oppressive domi-
nation of the white, or the vulgar contempt of mere diversity of race and color."—*Edinburgh Review.*

The paragraph above closes an interesting article in the *Edinburgh Review* of last April, on "The Prescribed Races of France and Spain," a history of whom, by M. Michel, has lately been issued in Paris.

What is the ground of the popular prejudice in this country against the colored people? A difference of race? Then, why is not a similar prejudice observable between the Celts and Anglo-Saxons among us? Why does not the public generally regard the Indian with the same antipathy as the Africans?

Is it color? The educated Indian, or the well-bred Chinaman, is admitted to the social circle, without encountering any sentiment of aversion; and in England and Europe the Caucasian race regards the man of African descent, other things being equal, with the same favor as one of their own race.

Is it anything in the physical conformation? The negro, however well favored, whatever the regularity of his features or fairness of his complexion, is a proscribed man; while absolute ugliness and deformity disqualify no white man for association on equal terms with his brethren.

The prejudice cannot be a law of Human Nature; else were it universal—but it is a matter of fact, that it is confined to a very small proportion of the Caucasian race—our transatlantic brethren do not sympathize with us in this feeling.

The history of the proscribed races in Spain and France—races not yet quite extinct—is full of instruction to those who would philosophize correctly on the prejudices to which man is liable.

These races inhabited the wild districts in the west and southwest of France, extending from Brittany and Maine, through Poitou, Guienne, Gascony, Bearn, and the Basque provinces, to Navarre, and some of the neighboring districts of Spain on the other side of the Pyrenees; and, from time immemorial, were called the *Cagots*, *Capots*, *Agots*, or *Gabots*. In the middle ages, they were quite numerous, but now are rarely met with. They were white people, and distinguished in nothing from their neighbors, except, it is said, by the absence of the *lens of the ear*. Some of them were wealthy; some, educated; and as it regards moral character, they were not below the general standard. And yet, they were the proscribed subjects of a most inhuman prejudice, precisely in kind like that which weighs down the colored race in this country, though more intense in degree. Their testimony was inhibited in courts of justice. They had no part or lot in the Government. Their children were excluded from the schools where other children were taught. A man or woman who married one of them, became an outcast. Generally, they were not even favored with the privilege of being taxed; and, when at Marseilles (Basses Pyrenees) a tax called *cancale* was levied on all Cagots of the commune, to mark the contempt in which they were held, the collector was accompanied with a dog, to which each Cagot was obliged to give a piece of bread." In the towns, particular quarters were assigned them, and in country villages they lived in separate hamlets. Sometimes the people were forbidden to employ them as laborers. By the municipal regulations of one place, they could not enter its limits without a bout of red cloth, to indicate their degradation; and, if they met one of the town's people, they were obliged to stand on one side of the road till it passed. They were forbidden to touch the vessels out of which people drank, or to take water out of the public well. (In this place, colored people are prohibited from entering the public grounds about the Capitol, unless on necessary business.) In the earlier part of the seven-
teenth century, the inhabitants of Oloron complained, as of an intolerable infestation, that some Cagots of that place had promised to keep pigeons, which, leaving their homes in search of food, mixed with the pigeons of their neighbors; and, at another place, a Cagot was punished for having been found fishing with a line in a river. (A slave boy in Georgetown, D. C., who should be found fishing with a line, would be liable to a fine of two dollars, and, in default of payment, to whipping by the Mayor, at his discretion.) They were forbidden to enter any tavern. (Of course, people of color are forbidden to enter any tavern of any kind.)

In the church, however, the prejudice was most fearfully manifested. The following extract from the *Edinburgh Review* will remind one of the negro pews and cemeteries of this country, only there is nothing in the bitterness, the antipathy against colored people, as shown in our churches, to equal the fiendish cruelty of the poor people of France and Spain inflicted on this unfortunate white race.

"In some places, they have had at a regular period church or church of their own; at least, the ruins or traces of ancient ecclesiastical buildings are found, which popular tradition ascribes to them. In most of the churches of the west and southwest of France, there is a small entrance door (now often walled up) called the *Cagots*, which, in the same manner, in some distance from the portion of the church occupied by the congregation, which is understand-
ed to have been not far from the *Cagots*, and, in most instances, for their convenience, the latter generally having freedom of access thereto. The street of the *Cagots*, a narrow dirty lane, generally led to the little door of the church. The *Cagots*, who were looked upon, even by the church, as impure, were compelled to enter by this door, and, when they had put away, there was not a single leading Democrat who bolted the door in a course which promotes the overthrow of the Democratic party! In short, they have adopted

men of Pau, and at Claracq, in the canton of Tarbes (in the department of the Pyrenees), were the *Cagots* compelled to徘徊 in the hole of the water. Sometimes, they were forced to eat from other people, and the consecrated bread, was reached to them at the end of a rod or stiff stick. No one but a *Cagot* would enter the church by the *Cagot's* door, or even pass along the street they inhabited. At Osson, in the department of the Hautes Pyrenees, the *Cagots* were compelled to walk in a hole, venturing to dip his hand into the larger hollow water basin, narrowly escaping becoming a victim to popular fury; and it is recorded that, in the department of the Landes de Bordeaux, at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI, a rich *Cagot* was compelled to walk in a hole, having been observed to use the hole water basin of the inhabitants of the place at three different times, an old soldier went with his sabre to watch on Sunday at the church door, and, as the *Cagot* was again preparing to violate the last command, laboring, might and main, to the last moment, to make his opposition effective.

We state these facts, not for the purpose of reflecting offensively upon the conduct of such men as Greeley, Graham, Delano, & Co., but to show dissenting Whigs how much injustice there is in their dissenting friends of the Democratic party, if they suffered their confidence in them to be impaired by the unandid appeals of unscrupulous partisans.

For the *National Era*.

FREEDOM.
CHARLES J. SMITH.

Upward as the minaret tower,
Owning as the ocean bower,
Pleading through the clouds of error,
Split the weight of mowes in pressing
The giant strength of breaking
Over its rugged bosom now.
Though the days are bright and glorious,
Then the spirit form of Freedom
Through the weight of evils crushing,
Fall the armes as a rock in natural capacities!

"The fourth effect will be this. Your mechanics will be glad to hir their present wages. Negro slaves stand as a barrier against Kentucky, against the old State than Ohio, with as large an area, as much fine soil, water power, mineral wealth—a rock, as rich in natural capacities?

"It is an intelligent and enterprising, a white and free, but poor population, who, with infinite energy and resources, are crossing the Atlantic in search of labor, food, clothing, and sustenance, to make happy, manly happiness, and enjoyment. They recognise the justice and mercy of that decree of the most wise God. By the sweat of thy browsh ye earn your daily bread! These intelligent mechanics, who are now scattered over the earth, will be a great power to the slaves, who have, as often as not, walked up, wall, up, the aversion to the *Cagots* continues so strong among the inhabitants; that, rather than pass through it, they make a wide circuit, and, in the same time, more direct, and on a level with the churchyard. At Lurbe, where, as we have said, the *Cagots* were numerous, it was not easy to keep them separated from the rest of the population, to the greatest extent, but the *Cagots* at Argelos, where this door happened not to have been (as is often the case) walled up, the aversion to the *Cagots* continues so strong among the inhabitants; that, rather than pass through it, they make a wide circuit, and, in the same time, more direct, and on a level with the churchyard. At Lurbe, where, as we have said, the *Cagots* were numerous, it was not easy to keep them separated from the rest of the population, to the greatest extent, but the *Cagots* at Argelos, where this door happened not to have been (as is often the case) walled up, the aversion to the *Cagots* continues so strong among the inhabitants; that, rather than pass through it, they make a wide circuit, and, in the same time, more direct, and on a level with the churchyard. 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"12th, Four P. M.—I have only time to add a few lines before the post leaves. At one o'clock, again. This time, I am told, not for nothing. Outwardly the Croft camp had reached the gate on the Landstrasse. However came galloping into the town, to say that the Croft camp was moving in the direction of Neustadt. It would thus appear that the Hungarian army was coming on, and that Jellachich wished to avoid a battle under the walls of Vienna, with 40,000 or 50,000 men to attack him in the rear."

For the National Era.

STRAY LEAVES
FROM
MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY
IN THE
COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Boston, June 14.—Yesterday the wedding took place. It was an exceeding brave one; most of the old and honored families in it, so that the great house wherein my Uncle lived was much crowded. Among these were Gov. Broadstreet, and many of the honorable magistrates, with Mr. Saltonstall and his worthy lady—Mr. Richardson, the Newbury minister, joining the train in marriage in a very solemn and feeling manner. Sir Thomas was richly apparelled, as became one of his rank, and Rebecca, in her white silk, looked comely as an angel. She wore the lace collar I wrought for her last winter, for my sake, although I fear me she had prettier ones of her own working. The day was wet and dark, with an easterly wind blowing in great gusts from the bay, exceeding cold for the season.

Rebecca or Lady Hale, as she is now called, had invited Robert Pike to her wedding, but he sent her an excuse for not coming, to the effect that urgent business did call him to the Eastern country as far as Monhegan and Penasquid. His letter, which was full of good wishes for her happiness and prosperity, I noted saffroned Rebecca a good deal; and she was moreover somewhat disturbed by certain things that did happen yesterday: the green mirror in the hall being badly broken, and the family arms hanging over the fire-place thrown down, so that it was burned by the coals kindled on the hearth, on account of the dampness; which were looked upon as ill signs by most people. Grindall, a thoughtless youth, told his sister of the burning of the arms, and that nothing was left save the head of the Raven in the crest, at which she grew pale, and said it was strange, indeed, and turning to me, asked me if I did put faith in what was signs of signs and portentous. Soon seeing her troubled, I laughed at the matter, although I secretly did look upon it as an ill omen, especially as I could never greatly admire Sir Thomas. My brother's wife, who seems fully persuaded that he is an unworthy person, sent by me a message to Rebecca, to that effect; but I had not courage to speak of it; as matters had gone so far, and Uncle and Aunt did seem so fully bent upon making a great lady of their daughter.

The vessel in which we are to take our passage is near upon ready for the sea. The bark is a London one, called "The Three Brothers," and is commanded by an old good-natured Uncle Rawson. I am happy with the thought of going home, yet, as the time of departure draws nigh, I do confess some regret at leaving this country, where I have been so kindly cared for and entertained, and where I have seen some manly and good things. The great, solemn woods, as wild and natural as they were thousands of years ago, the fierce suns of the summer season, and the great snows of the winter, and the wild beasts and the heathen Indians—these are things the memory whereof will ever abide with me. To-day the weather is again clear, the sky wonderfully bright, the green leaves flutter in the wind, and the birds are singing sweetly. The waters of the bay, which is yet troubled by the storm of last night, are breaking in white foam on the rocks of the main land, and on the small islands, covered with trees and vines; and many boats and sloops going out, with the west wind, to their fishing, do show their white sails in the offing. How I wish I had skill to paint the picture of all this for my English friends! My heart is pained, as I look upon it, with the thought that after a few days I shall never see it more.

June 15.—To-morrow we embark for home. Wrote a long letter to my dear brother and sister, and one to my cousins at York. Mr. Richardson hath just left us, having come all the way from Newbury to take leave of us. The excellent Gov. Broadstreet hath this morning sent to Lady Hale a handsome copy of his wife's Book, intituled "Several Poems by a gentlewoman of New England," with these words on the blank page thereof, from Proverbs xxxi, 30, "A woman that forsets the Lord, she shall be pitied": written in the Governor's own hand. All the great folks hereabout have not failed to visit my Cousin since her marriage; but I do think she is better pleased with some visits she hath had from poor widows and others who have been in times past relieved and comforted by their charity and kindness, the gratitude of these people affecting her unto tears. "Twice it may be said of her, as of Job: When the ear heard her then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her it gave witness to her; because she delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him." The blessing of him that was ready to perish cometh upon her; and the cause of his sister's heart to sing for joy.

The unhappy young woman swooned outright, and being taken back to her kinsman's, she lay grievously ill for many days, during which time, by letters from Kent, it was ascertained that this Ramsey was a graceless young spendthrift, who had left his wife and his two children, three years before, and gone to parts unknown.

"My grandmother, who affectionately watched over her, and comforted her in her great affliction, had often told me that, on coming to herself, her poor cousin said it was a righteous judgment upon her, for her pride and vanity, which had led her to disregard worth men for one of great show and pretensions, who had no solid merit to boast of. She had aimed against God, and brought disgrace upon her family, in choosing him. She begged that his name might never be mentioned again in her hearing, and that she might only be known as a poor relative of her English kinsfolk; and find a home among them until she could seek out some employment for her maintenance, as she could not think of going back to Boston, to be the chief protection of the most infamous traffick which has ever cursed and degraded mankind."

For the National Era.

THE BROKEN HEART.
BY MARY IRVING.
"The sacrifice of God are a broken heart."

A broken heart! O King of earth and heaven!—
Of all the treasures that these jades have given!
Can we no richer to value than bring?
To bring a broken heart, a broken heart, a broken heart!
More pretious than the shattered wreck of years!
More broken than the broken heart of years!
With hope and pleasure glowing,
Look up to Heavens, and let your heart be strong!
And it looks upward, Father, for thine own!

A broken heart! Well nigh a heart is broken,
Whose depth the dark grave will not unfold;
There's naught a word of agony unspoken;
A broken heart!—A broken heart, a broken heart!
How knowest all than only? Without thee?
"Twas in thy presence, and in thy heart,
It had been all that I could be at that time!
And it looks upward, Father, for thine own!

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How I wish I had skill to paint the picture of all this for my English friends! My heart is pained, as I look upon it, with the thought that after a few days I shall never see it more.

But it was not according to the inscrutable will of Providence that she should ever be restored to her father's house. Among the vicissitudes of the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal a few days after the date of her letter, was this unfortunate lady. It was a heavy blow to my grandmother, who entreated for her cousin the tenderest affection, and, indeed, she seems to have been every way worthy of it—lovely in person, amiable in deportment, and of a generous and noble nature. She was, especially after her great trouble, of a somewhat penitent and serious habit of mind, contrasting with the playfulness and innocent light-heartedness of her early life, as depicted in the Diary of my grandmother, yet she was ever ready to forgive herself, in ministering to the happiness and pleasure of others. She was not, as I learn, a member of the Church, having some scruples in respect to the rituals, as was natural from her education in New England, among puritanic schismatics; but she lived a devout life, and her quiet and unostentatious piety exemplified the truth of the language of one of the greatest of our divines, the Bishop of Down and Connor, "Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the issue of a quiet mind, the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness." Optimus anima est pudiciorum Dei culus.

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE POSITION OF LAMARTINE.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—Sitting of Oct. 6.
M. Marshal, the President, took the Chair about one o'clock.

The order of the day was the adjourned discussion on the Constitution. (Articles relating to the election of President of the Republic.)

M. LAMARTINE.—At some length, but in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible, supported the election by the Assembly.

M. LAMARTINE.—Every speaker is to experience embarrassment in coming to discuss from this triune a question so important, and one on which we are so much divided; it is at least pleasant to appreciate and admire the men whom he comes to oppose. [Movement.]

NUMEROUS VOICES.—Speaker louder. We cannot hear.

M. LAMARTINE.—I say that, independently of the opinions which a political man feels giving his opinion on one of the questions the most wavering, and the most undecided, in the opinion of the country, and in our own, there is something painful in opposing those he appreciates and admires. I shall, however, endeavor to put aside this painfulness.

Representatives yesterday and to-day spoke on this question, have, to my great regret, confounded, in the discussion, the five articles which, in the draft of the Constitution, tend to constitute a Government in the general sense, and follow them for a moment in the general sense, the specialities of their arguments. The question has been, for the last two days, not only to decide whether the President of the Republic shall be elected by the people or by the National Assembly, but whether he will be a President who will be the work of his own hands, or whether it shall be in one or more hands; if it shall be arbitrarily subject to the opinion of the majority; if it shall be triennial or quinquennial.

These all points have been called in question. I now it has been demonstrated that the Constitution is a monarchy and tyranny power, derived from that very cause, of all these conditions of fifty necessary to terminate the Revolution, which is now becoming unravelled, and which we now constitute. To the question whether the Republic shall or shall not have a President, I shall reply that it is this question which I refer to history, and I see that all French Assemblies—all those who have seriously wished to constitute a Government—have admitted, and sought to carry into practice, that distinction of functions which is the very point which is not a proper expression for the power which is unitary; but you have it here. The question is one of functions, and they must be unitary.

[Mark of adhesion.] I see, on the other hand, the Long Parliament, the Convention, the Directory, and only, as was then recommended, the legislative and the executive power, but also the power indispensable to complete tyranny, the judicial power, and thus giving an idea of what has been called a unitary power. I have that example, and will tell you, if you think the necessities of the case require it, that the unitary power which is to be not with an appeal, but as a secession in our history; I will tell you—go to the end, assume also the last, the judicial power, and then call yourselves by your true name, and you will be the Right of the Republic. You will not do so—the Right of the Republic, not with it, and it is right. [Cries of Hear, hear, and renew the agitation.] I will now say something of another form of government, that of committees. The danger of this form of irresponsibility is irreconcilable with liberty; it is notorious, and which is led away, not only in our time, but in history, to such a point that we who have read, and have written, the history of the coming of the Revolution, are obliged to admit that it is a natural stirring to which it is due the enumeration of gratitude, or of honor, which any particular act may deserve, and which we cannot say if it proceeded from Collot d'Herbois, from Barrière, from Robespierre, or from Danton. [Agitation.] The government of committees is a Government of chance, which appears incompatible with that which I have just mentioned, and which is not the less real: governments with several heads are always weak. From a natural consequence of the clashing of convictions and wills, the government directed by several heads is composed of reciprocal concessions, of degrees of compromise, and is not that which suits great epochs, and is not the period of crisis in which we live. [Hear, hear.]

I now come to the question which has more particularly engaged my attention, the form of government of the President, which I have just mentioned, and which is not the less real: governments with several heads are always weak.

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From a natural consequence of the clashing of convictions and wills, the government directed by several heads is composed of reciprocal

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